

The Tragedie

Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, leie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord Willam, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord.

Exit Catesby.

Glo. At Crosby place, there shall you find vs both.

Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head in an, some what we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the moouables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possesse.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeilded with willingnesse.

Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the L. Stanley.

Enter L. Hast.

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

of Richard

First he commendeth him to you

Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then

He dreamt to night the Beare

Besides he sayes, there are two

And that may be determin'd

Which may make you and him

Therefore he sends to know y

If presently you will take hors

And with all speed post into th

To shun the danger that his so

Hast. Good fellow go, retur

Bid him not feare the separate

His Honour and my selfe are a

And at the other is my seruanc

Where nothing can proceed

Whereof I shall not haue intel

Tell him his feares are shallow

And for his dreames, I wonder

To trust the mockerie of vnq

To flye the Boare before the

Were to incense the Boare to

And make pursuite where he

Go, bid thy maister rise and co

And we will both together to

Where he shall see the Boare v

Mess. My gracious Lord, Ile

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Many good morrow

Hast. Good morrow Catesb

What newes, what newes, in th

Cat. It is a reeling world inc

And I beleue twill neuer stan

Till Richard weare the Garlan

Hast. Who? weare the Garl

Cat. I my good Lord.

Hast. Ile haue this crowne

Ere I will see the Crowne so fo

But canst thou gesse that he d

Cat. Vpon my life my L.